

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life—By Briggs

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## The News Scimitar

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### SOLVE THIS MYSTERY

One and possibly two skirmishes on the public streets, followed by the killing of one and seriously wounding of several other negroes, is too great an offense against the peace of the city and state for the officers to drop. It was Friday morning that the affair culminated on Beale avenue. No arrest has been made. Surely there are many men on the police force who are capable of ferreting out this affair, if only the directing head of the department wanted it done. But there are indications that the prosecution of those who did the shooting would reveal a condition which the high law officers would not like to be known.

The most plausible theory of the shooting is that it was a bootleggers' row; that whisky was shipped in by one of the three bootlegging combinations which operates wholly by river; that the automobiles of the members of the syndicate which works by land were busy; that the negroes were engaged to haul the cargo of some 200 cases of whisky from the boat landing to the cache in the city, and that the negroes failed to account for some 20 cases of the liquor.

Certainly if the negroes stole whisky under such circumstances the owners of the liquor could make no prosecution; hence for days and nights they had been on the lookout for the negroes with guns. Finally located on Fourth street, the skirmish began with a general fusillade, to close on Beale avenue with one negro dead and three others seriously wounded. Of course the loss of a few bootleggers is no calamity to the community; but no community can afford to have differences between citizens, much less outlaws, settled by street battles.

Gentlemen of the police and sheriff's office, go to it! Learn who did the shooting. Bring them to the bar of justice. Learn whether or not illegal whisky traffic is at the bottom of the affair. If so, go to the root of the evil. Stop the traffic. You know the main members of the three big syndicates which are bringing whisky in by cargo quantities. Quit grabbing up an occasional seller of a half-pint and trying to make people believe that you are really breaking up the liquor traffic. Go to the big ones. Land the cargo men, who are making thousands of dollars by organized crime, and debauching the community by the illegal traffic.

You have no better opportunity to get at the bottom of it than unraveling the mystery of the Beale avenue shooting. You know and everybody else knows that you can do it.

### CLOSING IN

The peace conference is closing in on the Huns, and will soon have sealed up and deprived of the power of doing harm. The conference is so arranging the frontiers that Germany will lose large sweeps of territory and millions of population. She must also give up her sources of supply of coal and iron, her munitions and war materials, and reduce her 2,000,000 army to a pitiful 100,000. Without warships and great guns she will be comparatively harmless. In this day and time 100,000 men is not considered much, but neither Caesar nor Pompey had over 65,000, and they did some fighting. With the Hun driven into his hole and the operculum closed down, France can sit on it and prevent him from coming out to renew hostilities.

The German high command has never yet admitted defeat, and the German people do not know that they have been whipped. They still believe that the German sword is invincible. Throwing the kaiser overboard does not change their mental attitude. Hindenburg is still in command and the people believe in him. Unless the allies hold a strong hand and are prepared for emergencies, they may find that the peace conference has been casting up accounts without the host being present, which will make a difference.

Nevertheless reducing the Hun to a state of harmless impotency is an imperative necessity. In olden times the cry was "Carthago delenda est," and until Carthage was destroyed there was no peace or safety for Rome. It is the same thing with France, and, in fact, with Europe; there can be no peace or security until the Hun as a military menace is destroyed.

### BRYAN'S PRONOUNCEMENT

William Jennings Bryan has lost much of his ancient influence, but his name still retains much of its former magic, and when he speaks he is listened to. His pronouncement in favor of a league of nations is timely and will have good effect.

He wants some changes in it, which is very natural. He had no hand in making the compact prepared, and it is not perfect or as good as it might be. He does not criticize the war, or the management of our part in it.

This is wise. Whatever our shortcomings, they were caused by our unpreparedness, and he and his pacifist friends are largely responsible for unpreparedness.

One thing is certain: He has lost none of his skill as a press agent, and knows the psychological moment when to speak.

He waited until Republican fury had spent itself in impotent ranting, and caught the great wave returning to Wilson, while avoiding the undertow. He has made himself unpopular in Milwaukee, Chicago and Berlin, but the American people think the better of him for it.

### SOME TEST.

Capt. Joseph C. Cowell, of the Brandywine, who has been submarine three times, said at a dinner in Salem: "I used to love the sea, but the squabbles with the filthy submarines have made me hate it. When the war is over and the squabbles are ended, do you know what I am going to do? Well, gentlemen, I'm going to buy an anchor, sling it on my shoulder, and start walking straight inland. I'll walk and walk, and finally, when I come to a place where the natives hold me up and say, 'What on earth is that you're carrying?' I'm going to buy a farm in that place and settle down for life."

### SOME JOB!

A man hurriedly entered a postoffice to find an address in the telephone directory, but he found a lady studying the book very intently. He waited patiently for a while, but she seemed nearer the object of her search, and as his time was limited he finally ventured: "If you are in no great hurry, madam, would you be so kind as to allow me to glance in that book for just a moment?" "Oh, certainly," replied the lady, "I was just looking it over to find a pretty name for baby."

### SO DID WE.

Capt. Anderson Dana, who got married at Pottsville, Pa., is a grandson of the journalist, Charles A. Dana, and in an interview he said: "My grandfather believed in marriage. He thought it stood a man. I remember a story he used to tell. 'It's a story about a chap who asked a man: 'Have you ever heard anything about a machine for telling when a man is lying?' 'Sure,' said the man. 'Have you ever seen one?' 'I have,' said the man. 'By gosh, I married one.'"

### NEVER SAY DIE.

She was a four-flusher, particularly as to her ability in various sports. "Do you love golf?" he asked. "Oh, I love golf," she answered. "I play at least 50 holes twice a week." "And how about tennis?" "I won the women's championship in our state." "And do you swim?" "The best I ever did was a half mile straight away," she replied. "Somewhat fatigued, he changed to his favorite. And how do you like Kipling?" he asked. "I knipped an hour only yesterday," was her unflinching reply.

GET MY DISCHARGE AT LAST—HARRY.



THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE—NOW I'LL GO AND PUT ON A NICE SUIT OF CLOTHES—AND GO UP AND SEE ANNABELLE—SOME GIRL!



IT SURE SEEMS GOOD TO GET BACK INTO THESE DUDS AGAIN—GEE! I'M A HAPPY GUY



IS MISS ANNABELLE AT HOME?



NO—SHE NOT YET BACK FROM HER HONEY-MOON.



WELL—I'LL FORGET MY TROUBLES BY GOING TO WORK—I'LL GET BACK ON MY OLD JOB



## DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

GETTING BACK IN THE RIGHT ROAD.

A married man who has been indulging in an under-the-table love affair finds that his romance has gone flat and stale. He no longer even imagines that he loves the woman he thought he preferred to his wife, and he doubts her sincerity, as all such men doubt all such women. He repents his wrong in sackcloth and ashes, and he wants to know how he can break off this relationship that has become a horror to him.

This is a problem that many another man besides this one is trying to solve. For it is one of life's bitter ironies that it is always easier to do things than to undo them, and the consequences of our acts are so much greater than the acts themselves. The follies that we commit in a moment bound our footsteps for their sinister results to the day of our death.

No one can tell the sinner how to escape from his sin. He must find his own way out of the mire. The only thing that one can tell him is that absolute certainty is that because he has stumbled off of the straight and narrow path is no excuse for keeping on the downward road. There is still the clean, firm, rock-bottomed highway of right living, lying in the sunshine, and every fiber of his manhood calls to him to fight back to it and set his feet upon it once more.

There is no easy, comfortable and nicely graded boulevard which leads from the lower to the upper path. It is always a cruel, hard climb, a steep climb and one that takes every particle of the strength, grit and endurance of those who make it. And when they do reach their goal they are torn, bleeding and bruised, hot and sore. The only way to reform is to reform. The only way to quit sinning is to stop it. The only way to get back to the straight and narrow is to go straight and narrow. The only way to get back to the straight and narrow is to go straight and narrow.

This is a duty that is as regards an enlargement that a man has with a woman. If he argues with her and tempers with her he is lost. If he subjects her to her tears he is lost and damned. She will pull him deeper down into the slough and bind him hand and foot and render him powerless to climb out of the pit into which he has descended.

Therefore the only salvation for the man who has been dallying along the primrose path is to make a quick, clean break with his devil and flee from her for his life. Without once turning to look back. It takes courage that many men do not possess. For it is not easy to beat off the clinging of a woman who once thought you loved or to turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of the lips you have kissed.

But louder than the voice of the siren should be the call of the man who has been dallying along the primrose path. He must find his own way out of the mire. The only thing that one can tell him is that absolute certainty is that because he has stumbled off of the straight and narrow path is no excuse for keeping on the downward road. There is still the clean, firm, rock-bottomed highway of right living, lying in the sunshine, and every fiber of his manhood calls to him to fight back to it and set his feet upon it once more.

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## On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton

A LITTLE SLICE OF LIFE. A dear old lady friend of ours has taken time by the forelock and has bought and laid away forty-five gallons of whisky. Against the coming drought. "You never can tell," she says. "When somebody will be bitten by a snake or have a tummyache. And while I never drink it myself, just for an opportunity to drink. I like to have a little of it in the house."

We hardly know what we ought to think of this little old lady. But it is our opinion that she will never be very lonesome after the 1st of July.

Hereafter it is our firm intention to disregard the pledge of any candidate that he will make his roast cheaper. He hasn't any more influence with a steer than we have.—Postmarks.

It is an interesting news note that the pugilists must have their heads shaved in future before going into the ring; this is to keep the hair from getting into their eyes. There will be only one serious question and that will be for some of these gentlemen to know how far up to wash their faces without adopting the old method of tying a string around the head.

An Ohio neighbor cavils at the expression, "the forthcoming Liberty loan," which he calls the fifth-coming.

HIS 1919 "SCENERY." The male of the species, the vain, handsome brute, who'd pose as a modish sartorial "beaut," must list Dame Fashion, tyrannical rogue, and go to tight togs if he'd follow the vogue. This final-word mandate comes out of the East, where the tailors de luxe have been holding a feast. They say that male persons—the he-men and all—for curvaceous, form-fitting garments must fall; that the cool flannel clothing of summer must go, because it is plebeian and comfy, you know. Its place will be taken by silk—save the mark!—fine linens, and delicate duds, light and dark. Oh, can you imagine a MAN dressed like that, and not want to fan his bazon with a bat? To let him escape, a real guy would be loath. Shouldst kiss him or kill him instantly, or both? Even the business man suit, known to fame as the sack, must cling to the waist and be split up the back. Oh, say, can you vision a buzzard like me, who's pushed down together and fat as can be, with a form-fitting tailor-made hung on his frame? I would look like a heebaw—be hailed as the same! They'd put me in "taps" so I'd look avel and slight. By gosh, if they tried it, I'd square off and fight. I'm a regular guy and I won't wear their silk any more than I'll give up my bit of milk. It is all right for those of exquisite design, but a loose-fitting, hand-me-down neutral for mine. If male-gender togs are the figure to show, why, half of the tribe to the jungle should go! —Harlan Babcock.

Now they are calling Ole Hanson, the forceful mayor of Seattle, "The Better Ole."

SENATOR SAPHHEAD SAYS LICKER MAKES MEN DRUNK—CUZ ONE MAN GETS COLIC FROM EATIN' APPLES IS HE GONNA STOP THE GROWIN' OF APPLES?

THEY CAN'T DO IT I TELL YOU—OLD MAN HENDERSON SAYS 50 MEN TELL 100 MILLION WHAT KIN AND WHAT CANT BE DRUNK.

INDOOR SPORTS LISTENING TO THE VILLAGE ORACLES DISCUSS THE NO BEER THING WHICH COMES DUE JULY 1ST

THEY GOT IT ABOUT SETTLED I GUESS—LAST WEEK THEY FIXED THE PEACE CONFERENCE UP GOOD—

SI THREATENS TO LEAVE THE TOWN PLAT AND LIVE IN FRANCE IF THAT ANTI-HOOSH BILL GOES ON JULY 1ST

HE AINT SPOKE A DIME ROUND TOWN IN TWO YEARS—WHENEVER HE BUYS A SHOT IT ALL BY HIMSELF—A DICK SMITH Y'KNOW

THEY CAN'T DO IT I TELL YOU—OLD MAN HENDERSON SAYS 50 MEN TELL 100 MILLION WHAT KIN AND WHAT CANT BE DRUNK.

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## Twice Told Tales

10 Years Ago Today in Memphis.

MARCH 17, 1909. Lumbermen of Memphis won a big victory in freight rates between Memphis and the West, up the Rock Island and Frisco railroads at a conference, without resorting to a legal battle.

Ten building permits had been granted for new houses in Memphis before noon. Most of the permits were for substantial and costly structures.

Clark Noble Winner filed suit against C. H. Boyce asking \$25,000, giving as his cause of action that he had been subjected to false allegations resulting in his arrest and prosecution.

The 154 saloon owners of Memphis were receiving half of their yearly city license back, as Memphis was slated to enter the dry list July 1. About \$15,000 was being refunded.

J. F. Hardesty and Ben F. Vogen were taken into Atlanta to serve a year in the federal prison for having painted oleomargarine butter "yellow" in violation of the pure food law.

Fiberians of Memphis and their friends enjoyed a rousing time at St. Patrick's day, and wound up the day with a banquet at the Cordia hotel.

The members of the Memphis Southern baseball team, in training went through the first practice game between the veterans and recruits.

## CITY MANAGER PLAN.

(The Labor Review.) The following letter from Judson King is an important document showing, as it does, that the new plan of government for Memphis is not a "business man's" plan, but a plan for the benefit of the city.

The fact that such men as Samuel J. Dompier, John P. White, William H. Johnston and Frank P. Walsh are members of a National Popular Government league and that the executive secretary of that league gives his hearty endorsement of the proposed charter for Memphis, should make the workingman think carefully before permitting the professional politician to deprive him of the first chance he has ever had to actually take part in governing his own city.

It is unfortunate that this proposed charter should have been called a "city manager" plan of government. It is a "council manager" plan. Not only that, but the council is always subject to recall when ever the people are dissatisfied with what they do.

Read this letter and then study the proposed charter. "You have nothing to lose but your chains—you have a city to gain."

My Dear Sir—Through the courtesy of Prof. Hutton I have had opportunity to examine a copy of your proposed charter providing a new council-manager plan of government for the city of Memphis. Permit me to congratulate you upon this splendid piece of work which your committee has turned out. It is like a fresh spring breeze off the lake, and it sincerely trusts the legislature of Tennessee will see fit to recognize the principle of local self-government and adopt it without change. It will be an honor to the state of Tennessee and will soon be bringing to Memphis investigation and men of inquiry minds to find out how it works.

Of particular value and interest to me are the provisions relating to public utilities, the administration service and for popular government.

The property interests of the people in their public utilities are thoroughly protected. I find running throughout the principle that the public must be first served and private interests come afterward; also a recognition of the enormous value of the public utility to the people. Heretofore the great majority of our American cities have given away to private individuals the revenue producing functions of a city, such as street car service, gas, electric lights, water, etc., and they have dumped on the taxpayers the cost of maintaining those functions which are nonproductive, the streets, the sewers, the parks, etc. We are at last awakening from this folly, and Memphis, by adopting this charter, will lead in the work.

For years "city" has been the curse of municipal administration. The able expert with capacity to do a good job for the people has been driven out of the city and has been relegated to the rear to make room for political ward heeler. That must stop. You open the way to this by making the charter to secure just as able men to serve them and conduct their business as can any private corporation and elect them for a term of about 12 months of that kind of service you could not blow that provision out of the water. The 20 years of dynamite, even if all the politicians of Memphis are howling like sick cats in the night.

Because a man has a 63¢ smile and a warm handshake just before election is no evidence that he is competent to run the city waterworks.

If the city should be raised that your charter, an undemocratic one, it gives large powers to a council of 12 men and executive powers to be centered in a city manager. The result is that the people through the initiative and referendum and recall provision of the charter, have absolutely final power to change the hands of the city and the city's destiny. In short, the power of saying what shall be done is placed with the people and not with a single administrator selected by the people's representatives. Experience has demonstrated that too many cooks spoil the broth, and our cities have taken a lesson from the fact that of our great corporations and are getting democratic results therefrom all over the nation.

There is no danger so long as the people hold the whip rein in their own hands. In my opinion you have the best initiative and referendum and recall provisions yet proposed in any American city. They are tributes to the sincerity and honesty with which the committee has done its work.

There are no "jokers." You have not promised the people bread and given them a stone, and the rail of the scheming politician does not lie upon these provisions.

This is a people's charter and should be adopted by the people. I will be at such length, but I am so happy and thrilled over your proposed charter that I could not help myself.

Very sincerely yours, Executive Secretary, National Popular Government League.

Executive Secretary, JUDSON KING, National Popular Government League.

## Questions and Answers

A. Sub: It is a separate unit. G. H. J.: No home orders have been issued and no one told when.

R. D. M.: Apply to the chief of police in your town. R. C. H.: The 114th engineers are attached to the 6th artillery brigade of the 28th division.

L. M.: Not announced. L. B.: Not attached to a division; do not know the captain in charge. M. S.: See answer to L. M.

Z. E. D.: (1) No. (2) Their location has not been announced. (3) Maj.-Gen. James H. McRae, (4) First Second, Third and Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, 25th, 33d, 42d, 79th, 85th and 99th divisions.

Mrs. T. C.: Yes, but no date has been set for the 28th division, not ordered home.

E. R.: Are in the 37th division, not ordered home. L. T.: Not announced.

J. R. P.: Were in the 27th division, some of whom are in New York and others on the way home. Reader: Can not tell when they will return.

Subscriber: 307th Infantry is in the 7th division. M. S. Mc.: See answer to L. T. L. T. L. L.: Were at Neutic in last report.

J. W. P.: Are in the Sixth division. J. K. M.: See answer to L. M. J. S.: See a local contractor. He can furnish more information about it than I can.

J. B. M.: In the Second division. Mrs. S.: No announcement made when they will return. J. H. P.: They are in New York at present.

## Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER Compiled by Jenn G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

"May every morning seem to say, 'There's something happy on the way. And God sends love to you.'"

Oh, many a heart distraught with pain, Hath longed a kindly word in vain. Along life's way, along life's way.

And many a soul in darkness drear, Awaiteth now a word of cheer. Along life's way, along life's way.

Oh, ye whose hearts glad peons sing, Help others hear the joyous ring. Along life's way, along life's way.

Be lavish with your words of cheer, 'Twill oftentimes stay the rising tear. Along life's way, along life's way.

There was once a man who smiled, Because the day was bright. Because he slept at night, Because he had his right To gaze upon his child; Because his little one Could leap and laugh and run, Because the distant sun Smiled on earth, he smiled.

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